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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 253 / NUMBER 3289

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

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Cover girl's narrow, canary-yellow coat sparkles with jewelled buttons in Ronald Falloon's picture. The velvet collar and wide velvet hat recurred throughout Patrick de Barentzen's collection. Unity Barnes reports on the new lines from Florence from page 502. J. Roger Baker and Anthony Crickmay are our Two Gentlemen in Verona with the London Festival Ballet and their report, in words and pictures, appears from page 496 onwards. Gerti Deutsch writes about an Italian textile family who are patrons of the arts in The Italian Family Marzotto, page 491. Turn also to page 488 for Muriel Bowen's list of Little Season parties and dances

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

St. Leger, Doncaster, today.
Farnborough Air Display, Farnborough, Hants, 11-13 September.

Royal Highland Gathering, Braemar, 10 September.

Three Choirs Festival, Hereford, to 11 September.

Burghley Three-Day Event, Burghley House, near Stamford, Lincs, to 11 September.

"Hamlet" at Haddo House, Aberdeen, to 12 September. (Details, Miss E. Chillingworth, TARVES, 665.)

Lochaber Ball, Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire, 14 September.

Northern Meeting Ball, Inverness, 15 September.

Autumn Antiques Fair, Chelsea Town Hall, 16-26 September.

Staff College & R.M.A. Sandhurst Horse Show, Camberley, 19 September.

Army One-Day Horse Trials, Tweseldown, Aldershot, 3 October. (Details, CAMBERLEY 21122 ext. 10.)

Benenden Ball, Quaglino's, 2 October. (Details, Benenden 3163.)

Cesarewitch, Newmarket, 3 October.

Christian Dior Fashion Lunch, the Dorchester, 14 October, in aid of the United Nations Association. (Tickets £2 15s. from the Hon. Mrs. Vere Harmsworth, 25 Charles St., W.1. GRO 2784.)

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Salisbury, 9, 10; Newbury, 11, 12; Ripon, 12; Wolverhampton, 12, 14; Lewes, 14; Yarmouth, 15-17; Brighton, 16, 17; Ayr (Western Meeting), 16-18 September. **Steeplechasing**: Stratford-on-Avon, 10; Sedgfield, Hereford, 12; Fontwell Park, 15; Ludlow, 16, 17 September.

TENNIS

Junior Championships, Wimbledon, to 12 September.

CROQUET

President's Cup, Hurlingham Club, to 11 September.

GOLF

Curtis Cup (Ladies), Gt. Britain v. U.S.A., Royal Porthcawl, Glamorgan, 11 September

SAILING

Burnham Week, Burnham-on-Crouch, to 12 September.

Bognor Regatta, 12 September.

CRICKET

Scarborough Festival, to 11 September.

Scotland v. Australia, Aberdeen, 11, 12 September.

MUSICAL

Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, to 19 September.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Faust*, 16, 18, 22 September; *Cinderella*, 17, 24 September; *The Seraglio*, 19, 23 September. (TER 1672/3.)

Country House Concerts. De Peyer Trio, Stourhead, 3 p.m., 12 September; **The Vyne**, 7 p.m., 13 September; Melos Ensemble, **Montacute**, 3 p.m., 19 September; **Hardwick Hall**, 7.30 p.m., 20 September. (PRI 7142.)

FESTIVALS

Highland Festival, Braemar, to 24 September.

Coventry Festival, to 26 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

Royal Court. *Inadmissible Evidence*, tonight.

Queen's. *Season of Goodwill*, 16 September.

Haymarket. *Carving a Statue*, 17 September.

ART

Joan Miro, Tate Gallery, to 11 October.

Young Commonwealth Artists, Whitechapel Gallery, to 13 September. (See Galleries page 513.)

The Inner Image, Grabowski Gallery, Sloane Avenue, to 9 October.

Summer Group of Six Painters, John Whibley Gallery, 60 George St., W.1., to 28 September.

EXHIBITIONS

Food Fair, Olympia, to 16 September.

"Design from Scotland," Design Centre, Haymarket, to 10 October.

International Exhibition of Photography, Guildhall Art Gallery, to 17 September.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 30 September.



High jumps from members of the Moiseyev Dance Company making another visit to London this month. The 150 dancers will be appearing at the Royal Albert Hall for three weeks from 22 September bringing their thousands of glamorous costumes and repertory of 3,000 dances

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GOING PLACES

Take a series of coral-sanded beaches, and water that goes with them (blueprint, the Caribbean.) Add the Mediterranean vegetation of blue plumbago trees, flowering jasmine and bougainvillea; cypress trees and eucalyptus; acanthus, casuarina, persimmon and cactus. Plus groves of orange and lemon, olive, fig and almond—and set such an Eden on the coast of North Africa. This is Cap Bon, the large, north-eastern peninsula whose tip strikes into the ocean only 70 miles south of Sicily.

Anybody seeing these lovely northern shores of Tunisia for the first time will sigh with nostalgia for the French Riviera of the '20's. But not even in the rosiest of memories did the Côte d'Azur ever have beaches quite like these. Mind you, people whose spiritual home is the Riviera of today, with its restaurants, shops, casinos and golf courses should save themselves the fare to Tunis. "*Depuis l'Indépendance*" is the catchphrase and also the proud boast of the Tunisians who show you their achievements since 1956, among which are some very splendid new hotels. Three of these have opened since May. The food—French-based, with Arabic overtones and lots of spice and peppers—is goodish to good (and the fish is magnificent), but there are few independent restaurants outside the hotels. As *souks* go, Tunisia's are less rewarding than those of Morocco, Libya or Egypt, but they are picturesque; import duties are far too high to promote the usual resort boutiques, which cuts the potential flow of cash as well as a source of amusement. Casinos and golf courses are being discussed, but they have yet to come.

Hammamet was already fashionable back in the Protectorate days when the French had summer villas there. It lies on the coast at the base of Cap Bon, and is only one hour by road from Tunis—which gives it, in fact, much more vitality than some of the resorts farther south. Life centres around the hotels, the nicest (and newest) of which is the Parc. Pretty white cottages in the traditional style are landscaped into the gardens, and lead straight out on to the

beach. Camels lie in the shade, saddled and equipped for late afternoon rides, and the hotel also has a string of lively ponies.

The new Cultural Centre, next door to the hotel, was born partly of Gulbenkian Foundation and partly of Government. It draws the summer weekend crowds from the capital for recitals, ballet and plays (having got off to a cracking start with the first-ever production of *Othello* in Arabic), in the newly built open air theatre. Constructed in the Greek tradition, this theatre is set in the scented gardens of a cool, white mansion at which Winston Churchill stayed during the war, while the Sebastian family still owned it. The aims of the Centre (which is rather austere named, in view of its informal and delightful setting) are international, though naturally with a bias toward artists and writers from the Arab countries.

At the other end of Hammamet's three-mile sweep of beach is the old Spanish fortress which leads into the white-washed warrens of the medina. This is a classic vantage point from which to watch the sun setting, in minutes, behind the mountains across the bay. In the early morning they land the catch of silvered sardines and mackerel, that are weighed and sold in shady corners underneath the ramparts. These sardines are, alas, strictly for local (and private) consumption. I drove up the coast to the village of Nabeul in search of a café or even a fish stall that might serve them, but found none. Instead, though, Nabeul (in ancient times Neapolis), has some interesting pottery and wrought iron. The tradition of pottery has been handed down from the early Greeks, a colony of whom came to live here from the island of Djerba. Later, the Moslem refugees from Andalusia taught the art of colour and tile-making, which has also enriched many of the loveliest Tunisian mosques.

Nabeul is picturesque, with dark crimson peppers hanging on threads to dry from the whitewashed houses, and making an exotic splash of colour on the pavements. Kelibia, a fishing village just up the coast,



ABROAD

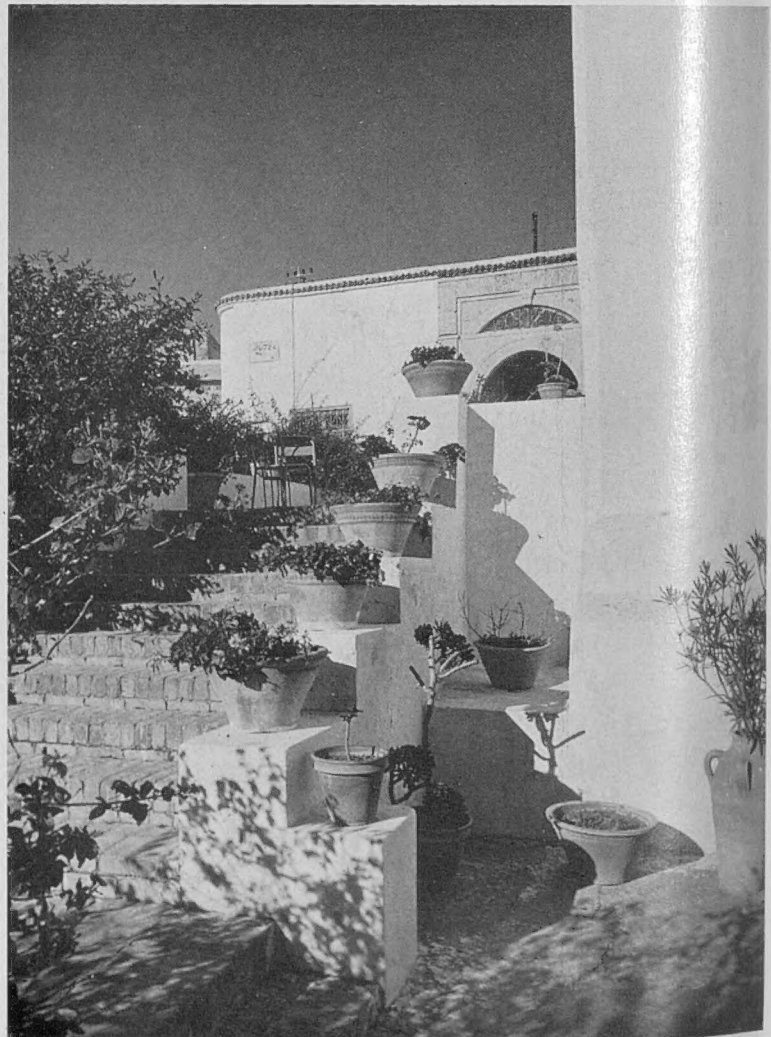
is even more so. One of the charms of Tunisian architecture is its traditionalism. They love their own, and eschew the more usual new free American style. New or old, hotel or private villa or fisherman's cottage, or—and this is significant—even the Government-sponsored housing estates which are going up to replace the slums, they have kept their unique blue and white colouring, the arched roofs and windows and the massive, spear-shaped doorways, studied in traditional designs.

Two of Tunisia's newest hotels, the Skanes Palace near Monastir, and the Ulysses Palace in Djerba (an island of which I shall write next week), are models of their kind in terms of both architecture and decor, food and comfort. Per-

haps at their best in spring and autumn, they stay open also in the dark months. The December sun is hot. But bathing for this, after all, is the Mediterranean and not the Caribbean—is to taste. Rates at the best are in the region of five guineas a day per head, full pension.

Air France operate a convenient Caravelle flight to Tunis from London, via Paris. Flying time is 3½ hours in all, with some 50 minutes' pause among the duty-free delights of Orly Airport. Up to 31 October, a 23-day Tourist Excursion fare of £48 4s. is available. From then until April, the minimum is a yearly fare of £64 11s. Flights are four days a week, but in winter the schedules are slightly different.

On this page in the Tatler, 26 August, the Westbury Hotel in Brussels was incorrectly described as The Intercontinental. We regret any inconvenience which may have been occasioned to either hotel group.



Traditional style Tunisian villa

GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

Minotaur, Chelsea Cloisters, Sloane Avenue. Luncheon, and dinner 7-11.30 p.m. Closed on Saturdays but open on Sundays. This is the sort of comfortable restaurant I like.

There are sizeable tables, chairs, banquettes; green curtains and tablecloths contrast with a claret-coloured carpet to add to the restful atmosphere. The cuisine is French, and the wine list well chosen. The *pâté de canard* (5s.) was first-rate, as were the *œufs Florentine* (5s. 6d.), and the *sorbet framboise*. I could have eaten a much more substantial meal, choosing from a list of attractive-sounding main dishes ranging in price from about 12s. 6d. to 14s. 6d. Others were eating them with obvious enjoyment. Service is quick and attentive, the coffee good. Minotaur is quite new and from the same stable as Genevieve, an indication of its high quality.

Chez Gaston, 36 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, almost opposite Gorrings. (vic 4974). C.S. I have commended this restaurant more than once for the excellence of its Italian cooking and its friendly welcome. I do so again because of a dish that has been added to its menu—*Suprême de Volaille Vera*. A complete breast of chicken, taken off the bone, is cooked at the table in butter, cream and white wine with mushrooms and herbs. It is so good that it would, in my opinion, be a mistake to eat potatoes or anything but a salad with it. To follow it? I do not know of anywhere in London where they make a better *zabaglione*. For the full enjoyment of these dishes I would advise an evening visit. W.B. luncheon.

Golden Plaice, Edgware Road. Older generations will remember with gratitude the Sam Isaacs and Sam Ruda fish saloons, where, in plain surroundings, one could eat well at a very modest price. To some degree the Golden Plaice restaurants—this is one of a chain—are fulfilling the same purpose today. The decor is certainly more elaborate, the standard of comfort higher than that of the 1920's. Prices, naturally are higher, but represent jolly good value for money. I had a bowl of tomato soup, a generous piece of fried halibut

with plenty of well-cooked chips, an orange squash and a large cup of white coffee. Though I had selected the most expensive of the fish dishes (I could have had one for 3s. 9d.). I got ninepence change out of a ten shilling note.

Wine note: Danish cherries

The Danish Stevnsbaer Cherry, like our Morella, is pretty sharp when eaten raw, but made into Cherry Dana wine and well chilled it makes enjoyable drinking either as an aperitif or with the dessert. The House of Bestle, who have been distillers in Copenhagen since 1730, have some 4,000 trees in their own cherry orchards in Zeeland. Up to now Cherry Dana has not been on the British market, but it is being handled by J. R. Phillips of Bristol, who, incidentally, were founded in 1739. A 34.9 per cent proof spirit, aged in oak casks, Cherry Dana will retail at 21s. 6d. per bottle.

New wine department

Gorrings, in the Buckingham Palace Road, where I used to be taken as a little nipper to be kitted up for school, now has a wine department in its new and shining store. It is pleasantly laid out and has some attractive wines on its list. Adjoining is the Gourmet shop, which caught my eye and touched my pocket. It has a wide range of imported delicacies, from the Orient and elsewhere, an excellent choice of cheeses, and a cold meat counter.

. . . and a reminder

La Bienvenue, 272 Brompton Road. (KNI 1668.) Really good French cooking, and an interesting wine list chosen to match it. W.B.

Edelweiss, 15 Eccleston Street. (SLO 6992.) C.S. A Swiss restaurant close to Victoria Station. Simple and pleasant decor, imaginative menu at reasonable prices.

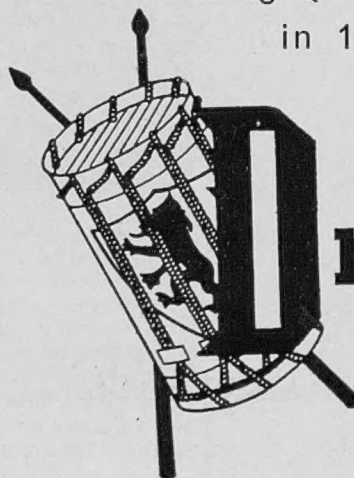
Black Angus, 17 Great Newport Street. (TEM 5111.) Its name points to one of its specialities—beef at its best. Pleasant atmosphere: reasonable prices.

Paddock, Lower Ground Floor, Wetherall's, 198 Regent Street, A safe bet for morning coffee, luncheon, or Devonshire cream teas.



A Drumlanrig Quartet—

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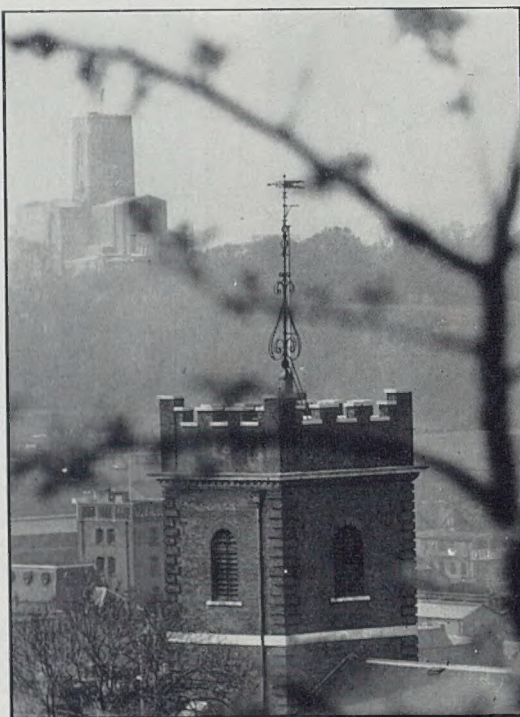
SCOTTISH KNITWEAR

TURNER RUTHERFORD OF HAWICK SCOTLAND

A MONTH OF THE TATLER

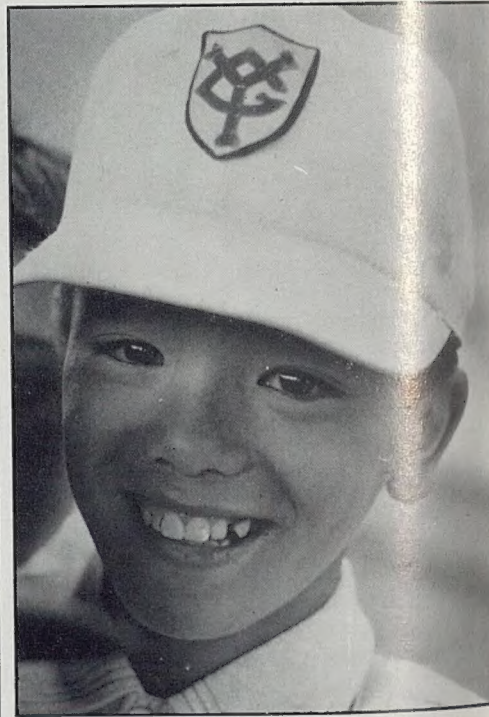
In the coming months a series of special issues of the Tatler will begin with:

Next week: the Autumn Fashion Number features the new season's clothes chosen by Fashion Editor Unity Barnes in a 12-page section of black-and-white and colour photography. J. Roger Baker talks to one of London's leading model agency heads and Philip Townsend photographs *The Birth of a Dress*



23 September: Guildford Reborn, a Tatler team investigates the centuries-old Surrey town that has gained new life and a bounding vitality in the booming 1960s. Desmond O'Neill presents a picture gallery of the men behind Britain's team for the Olympic Games in Tokyo. Unity Barnes provides warming news of knitwear for the turn of the year

30 September: a special 100-page issue contains the Tatler Book of Entertainment with news, information and comment designed to guide the fortunes of anyone who has ever contemplated or undertaken the project of inviting friends to dinner, acquaintances for drinks or guests to a formal function. A colour section features elegant table settings, Pamela Vandyke Price lays down a wine cupboard, John Baker White selects cigars and Ilse Gray supplies details of the newest glassware and cutlery



7 October: The Tatler goes to Japan in a colour-packed issue that also marks the opening of the Olympic Games in Tokyo. Editor John Oliver writes on life in modern Japan, the big cities, the private homes, the holiday spots and the shrines. Photographer Don Kidman pictures the Japanese at work and play, the Pachinko schools, the street festivals, the roof gardens, the Ginza by night, the crowded stores, the fabled temples and the incredible technology of the new Olympic stadium and village

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SLOW BOAT TO BEMBRIDGE

Their craft may be landlocked, but young Richard and Marina, the children of Mr. Kenneth and Lady Davina Kleinwort, are quick to develop their parents' interest in sea and sail. Photographer Desmond O'Neill visited Bembridge in the Isle of Wight and found children messing about in boats, splashing about in the water and doing all those things that make the seaside a very special place for the young

BEMBRIDGE/CONTINUED

1 Setting sail in imagination only, Timothy & Katrina Beevor, children of Mr. & Mrs. John Beevor, of London

2 Melissa Richardson (*top*), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Richardson of Longhurst, Cowfold, Sussex, and Carola Selwyn, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Selwyn of Bembridge

3 Guy and Jenny Michelmores, children of Mr. & Mrs. Cliff Michelmores of Reigate

4 John Julian, son of Mr. & Mrs. G. Julian, of London, looking through a telescope blocked by Charles Abel-Smith, son of Mr. & Mrs. Wilfred Abel-Smith, also of London

2



5 Pulling their boat ashore, John and Charles Lowth, sons of Mr. & Mrs. A. Lowth of Southampton, and James Cocks

6 Gathering shells on the foreshore, James Molesworth-St. Aubyn, son of Major & Mrs. John Molesworth-St. Aubyn of Pencarrow, Bodmin, Gillian Guy, daughter of Col. & Mrs. Roland Guy, of Camberley, William Molesworth-St. Aubyn and Nicola Guy

7 Jane Lowth, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. Lowth, and her dog, Judy

8 Caroline and William Maltby, children of Mr. John & Lady Sylvia Maltby

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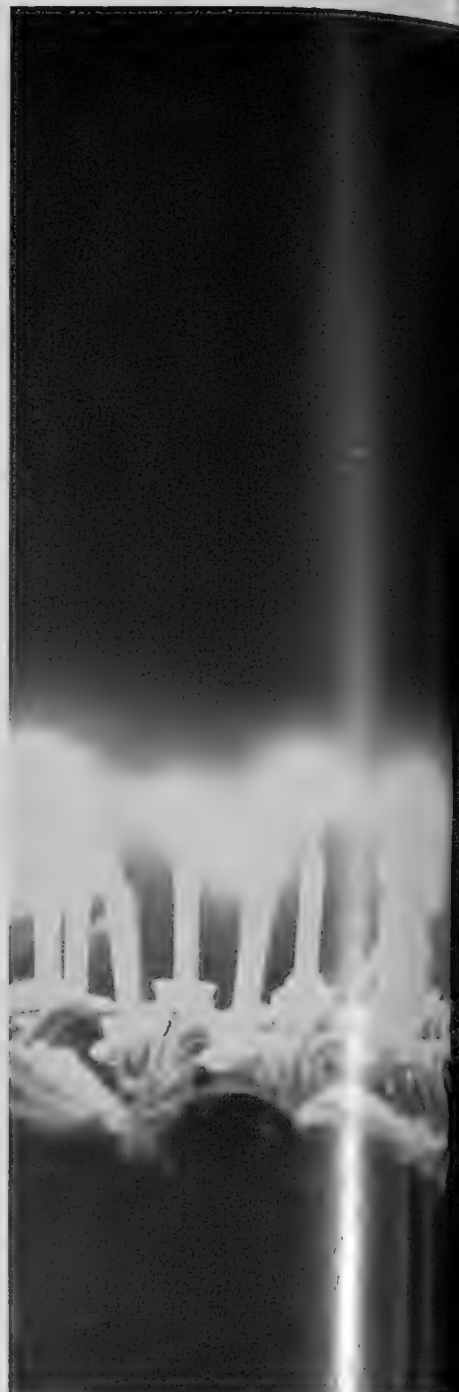
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A FIRST NIGHT TO REMEMBER

Personalities from diplomatic and show business circles were among the guests when Mr. & Mrs. Edward Sutro, well-known first-nighters, gave a party at their Surrey home to celebrate their daughter Caroline's 21st birthday

- 1 Dancing was in a converted barn attached to the house
- 2 Miss Caroline Sutro blows out the candles on her birthday cake
- 3 Miss Jane Sutro, Caroline's sister
- 4 Miss Susan Norman with Mr. Tarquin Olivier, son of Sir Laurence
- 5 Mrs. Edward Sutro dancing with Sir Derek Greenaway, M.F.H. of the Old Surrey & Burstow
- 6 Miss Lulu Skinner and Mr. Richard Morrison



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

A new gallery of art has been opened in a converted Edinburgh millinery shop. It's the brainchild of four Italian-born sisters, Viola, Annunziata, Maria and Giulianianna Pompa. "We felt Edinburgh could do with another gallery," Maria, the only artist of the four sisters, told me. The family is more musical than artistic, though one brother also paints. Their mother's family once owned the Colarossi studio in Paris, and the sisters have called their new gallery The Crestine, their mother's name.

Maria took up painting about eight years ago and specializes in portraits, but she is adamant that none of her portraits will be shown at The Crestine. "They're not good enough for our gallery," she says. The sisters' first collection, which was shown during the Festival, was of abstract paintings by the Scottish artist, Alan Davie. But they don't intend to specialize in the work of Scottish, or even modern, artists. "We'll show the work of anybody who is good," says Maria.

SOLO APPEARANCE

At the past three Edinburgh Festivals the folk-singing McEwen brothers, Rory and Alex, have presented highly successful late night shows. This year Rory made a solo appearance in the less familiar guise of a botanical artist. A collection of his paintings on vellum of the auricula was shown at the Gateway Theatre. This was the first time Rory had exhibited in Scotland though he has enough work on hand to last him for two years, and his paintings have been seen in New York and Paris.

The auricula collection that has taken him two years to complete will make up the 17 plates of a book to be published shortly by the Rev. Oscar Moreton of Oxfordshire, who is president of the Auricula Society.

Rory collaborated with him 10 years ago on a book about pinks and carnations. He is hard at work at the moment on a commission for the Hunt Botanical Library, Pittsburgh. This is a study of the Crown Imperial, the largest of the fritillary family.

A BRIEF VISIT

"The paintings must be scientifically accurate enough to satisfy a botanist. But I am really more interested in the art side than the botanical," Rory told me. I spoke to him at the home of his mother, Bridget Lady McEwen, of Marchmont, while he was making a brief visit to Scotland from London for his exhibition.

Despite his non-appearance on the musical side of this Festival, his interest in folk-singing remains as keen as ever. He tells me he is beginning a series of concerts in London in October and he is also hoping to make a tour abroad next year, possibly to Russia.

IN RESIDENCE

The American Ambassador to Britain, His Excellency the Hon. David Bruce, and his wife, recently took Kinveachy Lodge, Boat of Garten, from the Countess of Seafield for a month. Unfortunately, when I spoke to Mrs. Bruce her husband hadn't been able to get away from his official duties to come north, but she and their three children (ages 17, 15 and 12) were thoroughly enjoying their first holiday "in residence" in Scotland.

"The family has been doing quite a lot of shooting and fishing," Mrs. Bruce told me. "Swimming? It makes my teeth chatter just to think about it."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bruce claim Scottish forebears but they are content to let it rest without attempting to trace their ancestry. "They all left Scotland 200 or 300 years ago," says Mrs. Bruce.

J.P.



Miss Carol Grania Scott, youngest daughter of Major-Gen. & Mrs. Patrick Scott of Mullaghmore House, Omagh, was married to Capt. Nicholas Skerratt Lawson, the Life Guards, elder son of Major & Mrs. Paul Lawson, of Oakley Hall, Market Drayton, Shropshire, at Cappagh Parish Church, near Omagh. The bride was attended by six children and two adult bridesmaids. Mr. Benedict Hoskyns-Abrahall was best man



Miss Moyra Dawnay, daughter of Vice Admiral Sir Peter & Lady Angela Dawnay, who will have a dance at Upton Park, Alresford, on 24 October



Miss Veronica Verey, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. David Verey, of Barnsley House, Cirencester, shares a dance with Miss Lucy Parsons on 24 October



Miss Erica Geddes, shares a dance in Northants with her cousin Miss Lindsay Geddes on 2 October. She is the daughter of Mr. Acland Geddes and Mrs. Hubert Lenanton

Private dances and cocktail parties for the Little Season

Thursday, 10 September
Oban Ball.

Friday, 11 September
Aboyne Ball.

Mrs. W. G. Gordon for her daughter Catriona Gordon at Blair Castle, Perth.
Lady MacLeod for her daughter Jocelyn MacLeod at Culloden House, Nairn.

Saturday, 12 September

Mrs. Anthony Lebus for her daughter Rosemary Lebus at White Lodge, Little Laver, Ongar, Essex.
Mrs. Peter Ingall for her daughter Sarah Ingall at Corsock House, Castle-Douglas, Kirkcudbrightshire.

Mrs. Corbett Winder and Mrs. Noel Nicholls for their daughters Rosemary Corbett Winder and Finola Nicholls, small dance in Montgomery.
Lady Younger for her daughter Caroline Younger, small dance at Craignish Castle, Ardfarn, Argyll.

Monday, 14 September

The Lochaber Ball at Spean Bridge Hotel.

Tuesday, 15 September

Northern Meeting Ball at Inverness.

Thursday, 17 September

Lady Lambe for her daughter Louisa Lambe and for the coming of age of her son James Lambe at Knockhill House, Newport-on-Tay, Fife.

Friday, 18 September

Mrs. David-Evans for the coming of age of her son Anthony Osmond Evans at Gatwick Manor.

Saturday, 19 September

Lady Kenyon for the coming of age of her daughter Sarah Peel at Gredington.
Mrs. Charles Thomas and Mrs. William Blackett for their daughters Sarah Thomas and Cicely Blackett at Southwick House, by Dumfries.
Mrs. John Cookson for the coming of age of her son Peter Cookson, small dance at Meldon Park, Morpeth.
Mrs. Nigel Martin-Bird for her daughter Angela Martin-Bird at Saucelands, Coolham, Horsham.

Tuesday, 22 September

1st Perth Ball.

Thursday, 24 September

2nd Perth Ball.

Friday, 25 September

Mrs. Timothy Lewis for her daughter Caroline Lewis at Prestonfield House, Edinburgh.
Mrs. David Webb for her daughter Frances Webb at Shandon, St. George's Hill, Weybridge.
Mrs. H. Consett and Mrs. J. N. Barlow for their daughters Jane and Anne Consett and Emma Barlow at Bolton House, Fossebridge, Gloucestershire.
Saturday, 26 September
Lady Paget for her daughter Patricia Paget in Somerset.
Mrs. F. Grant and Mrs. Tony Hudson for their daughters Veronica Grant and Masha Hudson at Stockeld Park, Wetherby, Yorkshire.
Lady Mander for her daughter Penelope Mander in Gloucestershire.
Mrs. John Hopwood for the coming of age of her daughter Philippa Hopwood at Sunningdale.

Monday, 28 September

Mrs. John Howard Bent cocktail party for her daughter Fiona Justine Howard Bent in London.
Mrs. Alex Prichard, Mrs. Kenneth Webb and Mrs. R. G. Shaw for their daughters Sara Prichard, Jennifer Webb and Diana and Sarah Shaw, dinner-dance at the Anglo-Belgian Club.

Tuesday, 29 September

Prince Yurka Galitzine for his daughter Alexandra Galitzine small dance in London.

Wednesday, 30 September

Mrs. Simon Birch for her daughter Jacqueline Birch in London.



HARUP

Princess Alexandra Galitzine, daughter of Prince Yurka Galitzine and Mrs. Bruno de Hamel. Her father will give a small dance for her on 29 September.



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Jane Brassey, daughter of Col. & Mrs. Hugh Brassey. Her mother is giving a dance for her at the Manor Farm, Little Somerford, Wilts., on 31 October.



ANTHONY TANCRED

Lady Sarah Ramsay, daughter of the Earl & Countess of Dalhousie, will have a dance at Brechin Castle, Angus, on 19 December.

Friday, 1 October

Lady Greenwell for her daughter Julia Greenwell at Butley Abbey Farm, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

Benenden Ball at Quaglino's.

Mrs. Rexy Geddes and Mrs. Hubert Lenanton for their daughters Lindsay Geddes and Erica Geddes at Thornby Grange, Northampton.

Mrs. D. A. K. Finlay for Anne, small dance in Cambridgeshire.

Mrs. Ian Rylands and Mrs. William Hale for their daughters Elizabeth Rylands and Linnet Hale and for the coming of age of Nigel Hale at Tidworth House, Hampshire.

Saturday, 3 October

Mrs. Keith Cameron and Mrs. Christopher Price for their daughters Victoria Cameron and Victoria Price in Oxfordshire.

Mrs. Oliver Holcroft for her daughter Lesley Holcroft at Endon Hall, near Pershore.

Tuesday, 6 October

The Hon. Mrs. Whetherly for her daughter Dawn Whetherly at the Dorchester.

Thursday, 8 October

Mrs. Paul Goudime for her daughter Ksenia Goudime, small dance in Surrey.

Friday, 9 October

The Hon. Mrs. Lawson for her daughter Arabella Lawson at Eaton Neston, Towcester, Northamptonshire (lent by Lady Hesketh).

Mrs. Scarlett-Streatfeild for her daughter Anne Scarlett-Streatfeild at Brinkworth House, Wiltshire.

Mrs. Robert Lamdin for her daughter Sue Lamdin at Malling Deanery, Lewes.

Mrs. F. R. G. Rountree for her daughter Rachael Hunter and the coming of age of her son Nigel Hunter.

Saturday, 10 October

Mrs. Patrick Crookshank and Mrs. Harry Grumbar for their daughters Virginia Crookshank and Anne Grumbar in Kent. Viscountess Exmouth for her daughter the Hon. Mary-Elizabeth Pellew at Canonteign, near Exeter.

Mrs. Philip Cazenove for her daughter Anne Cazenove and for the coming of age of her son Harry Cazenove in the country.

Monday, 12 October

Mrs. Barry Lillis and Mrs. Peter Evans-Freke for their daughters Penelope du Buisson and Maura Evans-Freke and the coming of age of Michael Evans-Freke in London.

Thursday, 15 October

Mrs. Jean Duffield for her daughter Mary-Jean Duffield at Claridge's. Mrs. Richard Norman for her daughter Cristina Norman at 22 Kensington Palace Gardens, W.8.

Friday, 16 October

The Old Berkeley Hunt Ball at Moor Park. Mrs. Kenneth Mackintosh and Mrs. R. E. Lloyd for their daughters Tessa Clegg and Belinda Lloyd in London.

Saturday, 17 October

Lady Flower for her daughter Elizabeth Flower at The Hill, Stratford-on-Avon.

Mrs. Booth-Jones for her grand-daughter Virginia Booth-Jones at Hale Park, Hampshire.

Mrs. Arthur Gemmell for her daughter Clare Gemmell at Ingarsby, Leicestershire.

Tuesday, 20 October

Mrs. Norman Rowlandson for her daughter Denise at the Dorchester.

Wednesday, 21 October

Mrs. Charles Kendall for her daughter Alexandra at the Hyde Park.

Friday, 23 October

The Puckeridge Hunt Ball at Fanhams Hall, near Ware.

Mrs. Norman Duckett for her daughter Elizabeth Duckett in Surrey.

The Hon. Mrs. Normand and Mrs. Brian Morgan, cocktail party for their daughters Susan Normand and Vanessa Morgan in London.

Saturday, 24 October

Lady Angela Dawnay for her daughter Moyra Dawnay at Upton Park, Alresford, Hampshire.

Mrs. David Verey and Mrs. W. E. Barrington-Browne for their daughters Veronica Verey and Lucy Parsons at Barnsley House, Gloucestershire.

Mrs. Peter Vaughan, Mrs. Edwin Morrison and Mrs. Cecil Rudd for their daughters Sarah Vaughan, Malvina Morrison and Penelope Rudd at Farnham Castle.

Monday, 26 October

Mrs. William Stirling for her daughter Magdalen Stirling and Mrs. Charles Pretzlik for her niece Veronica Henderson in London.

Tuesday, 27 October

Mrs. James Thomson for her daughter Clare Thomson at the Savoy.



FAYER

Miss Bryony Ellis, daughter of Major & Mrs. Timothy Ellis, is sharing a dance with Miss Sarah Boyd-Carpenter at Claridge's on 16 December



ARCHIE PARKER

Miss Jennifer Webb, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Webb, is sharing a dinner-dance with the Misses Sarah Prichard, and Diana & Sarah Shaw at the Anglo-Belgian Club on 28 September



ANTHONY LANCHESTER

Miss Frances Taylor, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Taylor, is having a dance at Blewburton Hall, Aston Tirrold, Berkshire, on 12 November

Thursday, 29 October

Mrs. Michael Gibb, dinner dance for her daughter Janet Gibb at the Hyde Park.

Friday, 30 October

Mrs. David Knightly for the coming of age of her elder son Gibson Fahnestock in London.

Mrs. John Lade and Mrs. Gabriel Reed for their daughters Carolyn Lade and Anna Kristina Reed at Yaldham Manor, Kemsing, Kent.

Mrs. Blake Tyler for her daughter Victoria Blake Tyler, small dance in the country.

Saturday, 31 October

Mrs. Hugh Brassey for her daughter Jane Brassey in Wiltshire.

Monday, 2 November

Mrs. W. G. Fossick for her daughter Daphne Fossick at Claridge's.

Tuesday, 3 November

Red Cross Ball at Grosvenor House. Mrs. Luke Meinertzhagen for her daughter Amalia Meinertzhagen and for the coming of age of her son Nicholas Meinertzhagen in London.

Wednesday, 4 November

Mrs. Victor Balfour for her daughter Diana Balfour in London.

Friday, 6 November

Warwickshire Hunt Ball at Ashorne Hill. Mrs. Robert McGill for her daughter Rosemary McGill at the Dorchester.

Saturday, 7 November

Mrs. Frank Rabone for her daughter Amanda Rabone at the Old Rectory, Long Marston, near Stratford-on-Avon.

Monday, 9 November

Mrs. Colin Cadell and Mrs. David Douglas for their daughters Jane Cadell and Ione Douglas at the Hyde Park.

Thursday, 12 November

Mrs. Peter Taylor for her daughter Frances Taylor at Blewburton Hall, Aston Tirrold, Berkshire.

Thursday, 19 November

The Hon. Mrs. Knight for her daughter Sarah Knight in London.

Friday, 20 November

Sir W. Williams-Wynn's Hunt Ball at Marchwiel Hall.

Monday, 23 November

The Hon. Mrs. Heathcoat Amory for her daughter Belinda Heathcoat Amory at Quaglino's.

Tuesday, 24 November

Mrs. Peter Wolfe-Taylor for her daughter Angela Wolfe-Taylor in London.

Friday, 27 November

Autumn Ball at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

Monday, 30 November

Dockland Settlements Ball at the Savoy.

Tuesday, 1 December

Lady Cross and Mrs. G. F. A. Burgess for their daughters Sophia Davies and Victoria Burgess and for the coming of age of Charles Davies in Lincoln's Inn, Temple Hall.

Wednesday, 2 December

Mrs. Guy Holland for her daughter Davina Holland in London.

Thursday, 3 December

Mrs. Roger Harvey for her daughter Joanna Harvey in London.

Friday, 4 December

The Heythrop Hunt Ball.

Saturday, 5 December

Mrs. John Stevens for her daughter Jessica Stevens in the country. Mrs. Gordon Nicholson for her daughter Carolyn Nicholson at Hatton Hill, Windlesham.

Tuesday, 8 December

Snow Ball at the Dorchester.

Mrs. Patricia Collins for her daughter Linda Collins in London.

Wednesday, 9 December

Lady Walker-Smith and Mrs. Michael Callender for their daughters Berenice Walker-Smith and Charmian Callender in Middle Temple Hall.

Thursday, 10 December

Mrs. Donald Albery for her daughter Annabelle Albery at the New Theatre, St. Martin's Lane.

Saturday, 12 December

Lady Loder for the coming of age of her son Robert Loder at Leonardslee, Horsham.

Monday, 14 December

Lady Carrington for her daughter the Hon. Virginia Carrington in London.

Tuesday, 15 December

Mrs. J. D. Williams and Mrs. Barry Thompson for their daughters Christian Williams and Rowena Thompson at the Hyde Park.

Wednesday, 16 December

The Hon. Mrs. Rose and Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter for Mrs. Rose's grand-daughter Bryony Ellis and Sarah Boyd-Carpenter at Claridge's.

Thursday, 19 December

The Countess of Dalhousie for her daughter Lady Sarah Ramsay at Brechin Castle, Angus.



A sense of adventure coupled with a rare enthusiasm and an acute perception of the best way to go about realizing the most imaginative of projects has always marked the fortunes and progress of the Italian Marzotto family, who founded a woollen textile empire at Valdagno, near Vicenza, in the early years of the last century. The most notable aspect of this adventurous spirit, the Premio Marzotto—the Marzotto award—came to the attention of the British public in the spring of last year in an exhibition of contemporary painting at the Whitechapel Art Gallery (to be repeated in the coming season). The award is limited to European artists—originally only artists from the Common Market countries could qualify—and an international panel of critics under the presidency of Count Paolo Marzotto makes the selection.

The totals of the award are considerable. Sebastian Matta received 5,000,000 lire (about £3,008) for his *La Question Djamila* and five prizes of 2,000,000 lire each went to Lucio Fontana, Gerhard Hoeme, Peter Lanyon, Lucebret and Jaroslav Serpan. These prizes come from the capital of 60 million lire of the Marzotto Foundation first instituted some 12 years ago. The programmes of the Foundation are carried out over a regular two-yearly period, each time with a new panel of judges. The award embraces several sections. At the moment they include literature, journalism, theatre, music, medicine, surgery and economic sciences. These are for the

THE ITALIAN FAMILY MARZOTTO

WORDS
AND
PICTURES
BY
GERTI DEUTSCH

most part in Italy only, though prizes for music and theatre have recently been extended to other European countries as well.

The gulf between industrialism and the arts would appear to be wide until one considers the background and history of the enterprising Marzotto family. The company, which is now one of the largest woollen manufacturers and exporters in the world employing a total of 20,000 people, was started at Valdagno in 1836 by Luigi Marzotto with a capital of 2,000 lire and a labour force of 12. In 1842 one of his sons, Gaetano, took over at the age of 21 and within three years invested double the original capital in new machinery and looms. One of Gaetano's sons, Vittorio Emanuele, who joined in 1879, took things

a stage further by persuading his father to start a spinning plant in Maglia di Sopra and to enlarge the works at Valdagno.

By 1900 the name of Marzotto could fairly be said to have arrived on the world textile scene. In 1922 another Gaetano took over on his father's death and found himself at the age of 28 in charge of an enterprise conceived on the giant scale. Now at 69 he remains the dominant figure at the core of a vast concern comprising factories in Manerbio, Mortara and Pisa.

But for Count Gaetano, though one of the richest men in Italy, money in itself interests him only so far as it proves that

Above: in homage to their generous employers, the workers built this monument to the first Gaetano in view of the Villa Serena, the home of Count Paolo Marzotto

the Marzotto concern is sound and opens possibilities for new activities and expansion. An enthusiastic amateur aviator in his early days he decided—after crashing three times in his private plane—both sensibly and charitably to convert his airport next door to the Valdagno factory into a small town for his workers with homes, schools, hospitals and recreation grounds. The date was 1936 and it was in the Marzotto model village that the beginnings of a welfare community were created. The family provided, free of charge, kindergartens, rest homes for pensioned workers, clinics with specialists attending from nearby towns, a theatre and concert hall where the workers themselves were encouraged to perform. As a fringe benefit the Marzotto orchestra has since become famous in Italy. Gaetano Marzotto takes the view that while modern states now concern themselves with social works, he and his family can accord themselves some merit as precursors.

His son Giannino, in charge of all the spinning and weaving plants, has carried this attitude to his workers still further. Since taking over in 1958 he has raised

wages by some 250 per cent and initiated an "Encounter Club" which gives employees the chance to travel. They draw lots and pay part of the costs proportionately to their incomes. Says Giannino: "My father gave our people material assistance, now I want to help them intellectually."

But long before his sons had grown up Count Gaetano had initiated new centres of activity. One of his schemes was the development of the marshland around Portogruaro where a tiny community was leading a poor existence. He bought 2,000 hectares and transformed it into a prosperous and healthy agricultural area growing fruit and raising cattle. Industries were established to keep people in employment all the year round. They included sugar factories, cotton and linen plants, a distillery and a glass factory. All the machinery comes from the U.S.A. and the Marzottos own the only round, revolving milking platform in Europe.

Count Gaetano's second son, Umberto, is in charge of the Portogruaro concern. His eldest son, Vittorio, is a deputy of Parliament and lives in Rome. Personal discomfort on a journey made by Count

Gaetano induced the Marzottos to start building their own hotel chain, the Jolly Group, now well known in the south of Italy, in Sicily and Sardinia. There are now 60 hotels all supplied with products from the Portogruaro enterprise. The hotel building began in the 1950s and at about the same time the family started in the production of ready-made clothing, now a fast-building concern. In 1957 Count Paolo Marzotto suggested a Premio Marzotto for literature with an estimate of 3,000,000 lire for the prize. His father adopted the project with customary enthusiasm, extended the prize to other fields and allotted a total of 30 million lire instead.

To judge, then, by the past achievements of the Italian family Marzotto, it seems a confident forecast that this new venture into the world of the arts will be successful on its own terms and may also open up further opportunities for closer international links. With this in mind the old Count is currently putting his ideals into practice by spending the greater part of his time travelling around the European seas in his yacht, establishing personal contacts with other countries.





Left: Count Giannino talks of his early racing triumphs (he was twice winner of the Mille Miglia). He is one of the organizing talents of the family firm and works in a more impersonal way than did his father, Count Gaetano (opposite page) who knew every worker personally and still likes talking to them in their Venetian dialect



Left: Countess Anna is Gaetano's second wife and accompanies her husband on all his voyages. They live in a superb rebuilt house at Trissino where there is also a factory for blankets and ready-made clothes, and Giannino's private aerodrome. In the background Count Gaetano talks to Tamara, Giannino's wife, seen (above) in front of a bust of Vittorio Emanuele, her husband's grandfather





On the first floor of the Marzottos' Villa Serena fine Venetian furniture is reflected in the beige terrazzo floor. The centre painting by Dova is flanked by two canvases by the Japanese artist, Insho. *Right:* Count Umberto Marzotto, second son of Count Gaetano, is in charge of the Portogruaro concern. He lives with his wife and four children in his father's beautiful old house. *Far right:* Contessa Marzotto, French wife of Count Paolo, president of the *Premio Marzotto* section for modern painting. *Left:* Count Paolo Marzotto in his office. *Far left:* Count Gaetano's youngest son, Pietro, who has an English wife, is the father of this lively new-generation Marzotto. Pietro served an apprenticeship in the Marzotto factories and is now studying law. *Opposite page, top:* the garden that faces the drive of the Villa Serena, with the *Poggio Miravalle* and the pigeon shoot



Verona, city of Romeo, Juliet and Petruchio, has associations for English visitors, but especially this year when the London Festival ballet appeared at the summer festival there. The two gentlemen who went to watch the company's spectacular production of *Swan Lake* being mounted, were writer J. ROGER BAKER, and photographer ANTHONY CRICKMAY

The heat was a permanency: it formed the basis on which all action, all the business of the day, rested. And the business of the day was ballet: woollen tights, sweat bands never more precisely worn, broad flares of sunlight striking across a gymnasium floor where even the least important swan practised the perfect pirouette.

For the first time since 1955, ballet was being included in Verona's summer festival, and for the first time since 1952 it was a British company performing—the London Festival Ballet, whose appearance was part of an extensive European tour. Their major presentation was *Swan Lake*, or *Il lago dei cigni* as the posters had it. But the company also appeared in one of the operas, Boito's *Mefistofele*, in a rather wild and complicated *walpurgnacht*, and in a rather cool and formal classical sabbath set in ancient Greece.

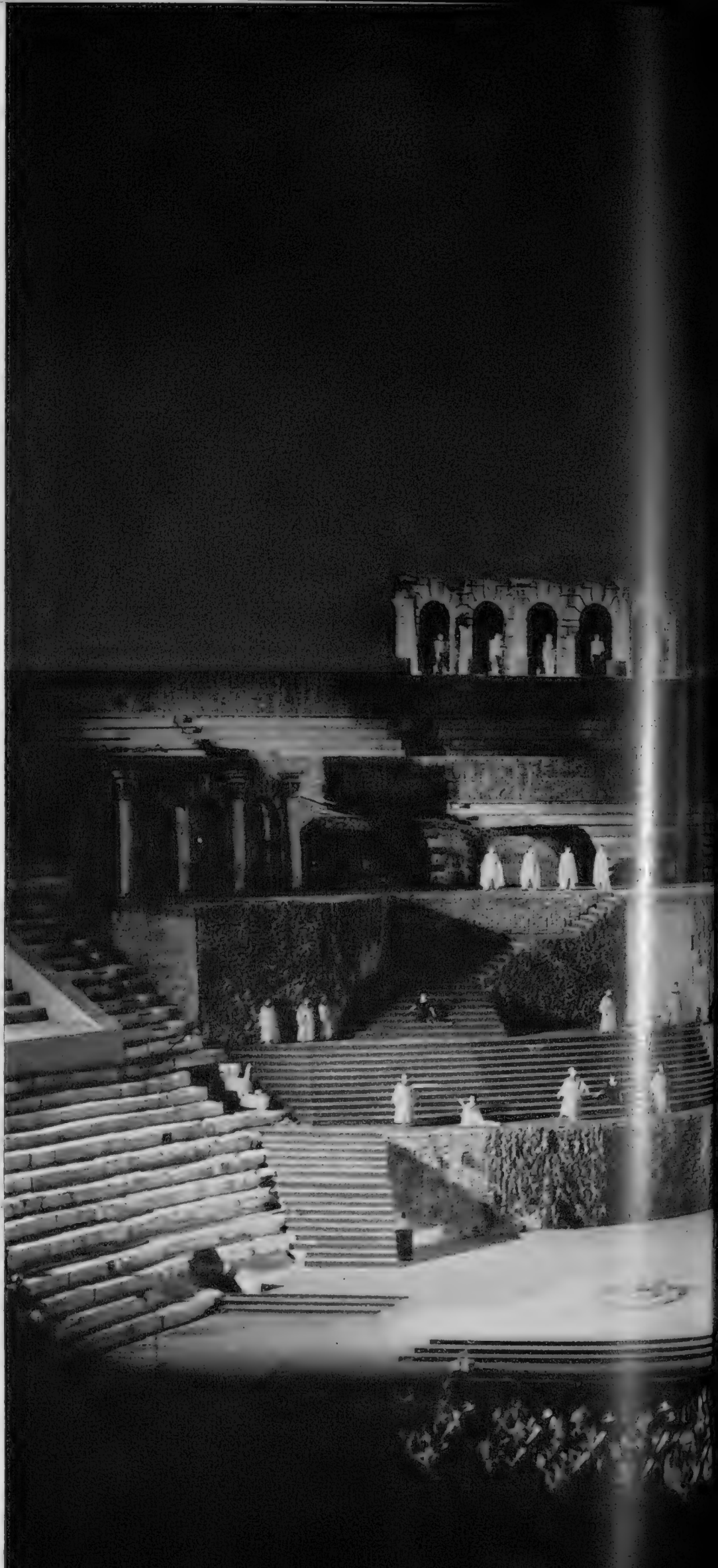
The Italian attitude to ballet is one of amused tolerance: it is rare to find an Italian who will admit a preference for ballet over the lyric theatre—i.e. opera. As it was, *Swan Lake* (all four acts) was double-billed with *Cavalleria Rusticana*, a heavy evening by British standards, but nothing to the Italians who can happily expand a tender little number like *La Bohème* with animals and stage band, making it last four hours.

At first the leading dancers—including John Gilpin, Galina Samptsova, Lucette Aldous, Vassilie Trunoff—were not allowed to use the star lavatory backstage. It was only for the principal singers, they were told, and a large lady sat outside distinguishing between *prime donne* and *primi ballerini*. A full-scale conference had to be called to sort out this touchy problem.

Verona's festival is open air: performances take place in the vast Roman arena which was built in the first century. It is in a good state of preservation, better in fact than the more celebrated Colosseum in Rome. In these antique spaces Callas has given her Turandot, Tebaldi her Desdemona—during the same week too. This year Renata Scotto was being Mimi and Ghiaurov was doing Mefistofeles: other top flight singers appearing included the tenors Bergonzi and Cioni, the sopranos Tucci and Stella. So *Swan Lake* had stiff competition.

The arena does not dominate Verona, gigantic as it is; but—and this is possibly

(continued on page 498)



The ancient Greek scene in *Mefistofele* is relatively uncluttered, shows the use of the arena's steps, and members of the Festival ballet company disposed about the stage. Franco Capuana conducts an orchestra made up of the best instrumentalists from Italy's leading orchestras

Two Gentlemen in Verona



more potent—like the Louvre and the Forth Bridge, it is an inescapable fact. The high, geometrically curved walls appear suddenly as one turns into the piazza where it stands. Originally it had a three-storey outer wall and stood on raised ground just outside old Verona. But the gradual rise of the Po valley, and the natural expansion of Verona, have put the arena not only in the centre of the town, but slightly below the level of the surrounding streets. Accidents have happened in the course of history. Most of the outer wall was destroyed in an earthquake we were told. This was a worrying thought until it was explained that the earthquake had happened in the 11th century. A more recent accident was in 1962—the 40th year of the opera festival—when fire destroyed the stage during a particularly fevered performance of *Un ballo in maschera*.

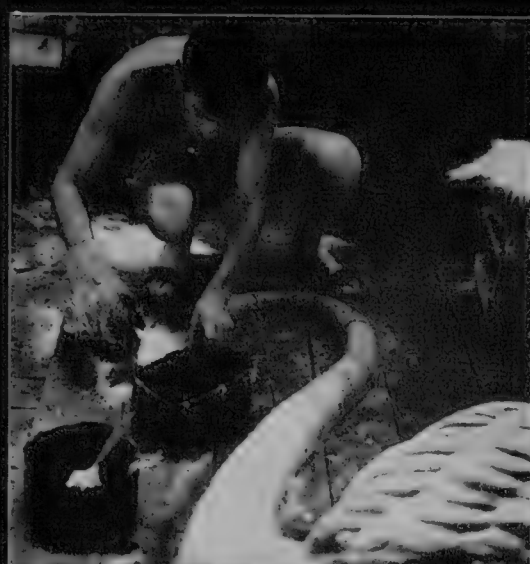
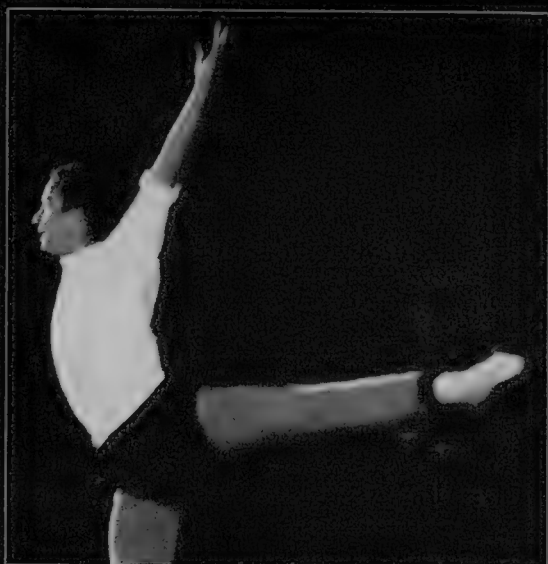
Inside the arena there are overtones of *Quo Vadis*: a vast stone corridor encircles the amphitheatre, with gloomy rooms and enclosures presumably intended for lions and Christians. To walk from this corridor, dark and cool, up into the amphitheatre and the blinding sunshine is a dizzying projection back through history. When the festival opens, a transformation of these sinister approaches is made with red carpets and potted palms. The elliptical arena seats 22,000 in comfort—that is spacewise, as the majority of seats are on the 44 steps of the *gradinata*. The stage is built across one end of the arena, around the great tunnel through which presumably those lions and Christians made their entrance, opposite the state balcony at the other end of the oval area. Acoustics are perfect and during rehearsals, when the space was almost empty, casual gossipers had to be careful as their modulated hiss would carry and bounce off the Roman walls to ears some 50 yards away.

This was the setting for *Swan Lake*. "Terrifying," said one dancer who made her entrance with spirit, then saw the watching 22,000 and almost ran straight back again. It was ballet on a scale impossible to achieve anywhere else: the sets and costumes had been specially created by Atillio Colonello who designed the operas and who has had several years' experience with the enormous spaces of the stage. For *La Bohème* he had devised a Utrillo-style panorama of Paris, for *Mefistofele* the battlements of Frankfurt with churches and towers, pennants flying and vast processions. For the ballet, the magician von Rothbart was able to make a splendid entrance down a central flight of steps, his vast cloak flying: effects included flares at magical moments and a positive fleet of pink fibreglass swans seen sailing gracefully across the lake through a network of trees.

There were difficulties of course: the orchestra was unfamiliar with Tchaikovsky (but seemed to be able to play Mascagni and Puccini in its sleep); the lighting was geared more for a vast spectacle than the romantic moods of ballet, and lacked any

In the *walpurgisnacht* sequence from Boito's *Mefistofele*, ghosts and devils were conjured in fire. Centre of the stage is the Bulgarian bass Nicola Ghiaurov in the title role with Carlo Bergonzi as Faust. During time off, leading dancer John Gilpin and his wife Sally, who was in the Beatles' film, spent their days visiting Venice and Garda, but frequently (right) dropped into Verona's *piscina comunale*. In *Swan Lake*, Gilpin partnered the Russian ballerina Galina Samptsova—they are both seen at rehearsal. Scenery and properties for the arena productions were made on the outskirts of Verona. A whole fleet of fibreglass swans (far right) was specially made for the ballet's performances







follow spots; and there being only one entrance to the stage, wing space was a problem. The dancers enjoyed long, heavy days. Class in the morning and rehearsals in the afternoon, if the heat allowed, and more rehearsals on the stage in the evening after dinner. At that time the heat had diminished but not disappeared, changed in quality from a heavy robe to a light wrap. The moon sailed carefully across the sky (imagine the Nile scene from *Aida*, the love duet in *Bohème* played under the Veronese moon and stars) and the mosquitoes discovered delicious light snacks on bare arms and legs. In the Greek scene of *Mefistofele* dancers were posted along the top rim of the arena in short tunics holding torches; standing targets with no means of defence.

In the *walpurgnacht* everything happened: orgies were taking place in five different stage areas; across the footlights the ballet whirled and swirled; Mefistofeles conjured up his devils with a multitude of flares. The scene ends, a row of spotlights facing the audience are switched on and the teams of stage hands in shorts and dark blue singlets begin the half-hour operation of removing the mountains of the Brocken and building a bit of Greece, with Marguerite's prison set before it—or, as the programme calls it: "a dark joil."

The first night of *Swan Lake* was a huge success; perhaps the company was not entirely satisfied by the lighting but this was a minor point compared with the reception: firemen were called in to control the crowd.

There is only one entrance to the stage in Verona's arena, a huge arch (top left) around which the sets must be built. On the stage are Miss Doris Barry, production manager; Mr. Peter Broussé from the Vienna State Opera; Dr. Julian Braunsweig, the ballet's director, and Mrs. Braunsweig. Inside the amphitheatre (top right), stone walls and iron gates have overtones of Roman circuses. After rehearsals, in the early hours of the morning, the dancers relax over pizza and beer (above left). At the table in the foreground are Galina Samptsova, Sally Gilpin, Jean Pierre-Alban and John Gilpin. Rinaldo Olivieri (above centre) is a Veronese architect and was responsible for the construction of the vast sets needed for the festival. They were designed by Atillio Colonnello (above right) who created, among other things, a whole Sicilian village for *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

Disposal units

This is the throw-away age. Where our grandparents would have mended, darned or soldered, we chuck it away and buy a new one; and we amass and discard £10 worth of packaging alone per head each year. Designers have put their minds to coping with this landslide, and the result is a thankful move away from tiny, whimsily designed waste-paper baskets (some of the good new designs are shown in the picture) and from difficult-to-clean rust-prone kitchen bins. Heals have a new plastic pedal bin, coloured a neat grey, at £4 18s. 11d., which includes a supply of plastic bags to clip inside the bin for easy disposal. Replacement bags cost 6s. 11d. for a six week's supply. The Garbina system is even simpler; a frame with a lid, fixed to the inside of an under-the-sink cupboard door, and heavy-duty paper bags clipped to the frame and thrown away when full. The Garbina costs 19s. 6d. with a supply of bags; replacement bags are 5s. for 30, 6s. for 30 extra-large bags. From

Harrods and most large stores. More and more architects are taking it for granted that kitchens in new houses will have a waste disposal unit built into the sink. These units deal with table scraps, small bones, vegetable peelings and tea or coffee grounds, and generally take the nastiness out of washing up. The In-Sink-Erator is an American machine with an automatic reversing action which means it doesn't jam when you feed in heavy loads, has a five-year warranty and free service during the first year. It costs £49 7s. The Kenwood Waste-Away (£37 10s.) takes 5½ lbs. of normal kitchen soft waste a minute, and has an automatic cut-out in case you feed in something uncrushable by mistake. The Westinghouse Deluxe Food Waste Disposer (£42) is particularly quiet to run and has an electric cut-out on the motor that prevents damage from overloading. These three machines are available from Harrods, and should, of course, be installed by an expert.

From left, on the truck: wide-topped wicker, £2 4s., Liberty. Printed with black and white London scene, £2 9s. 9d., Heal's. Washable white leatherized plastic, £1 5s. 9d., John Lewis. Shiny black enamel with braid trimming and gilt buckle, £2 2s., Elizabeth Eaton. Small cane basket, £1 9s. 6d., Harrods. Tall brown and beige Sardinian basket (with a lid, not shown), £9 10s., Liberty. Natural hessian with a gilt rim, £2 2s., Heal's. Black-and-white knight-printed bin, £4, Liberty. Black leatherized plastic, £3 17s. 9d., Heal's. Cylindrical natural plaited raffia, £2 19s. 9d., Heal's. King-sized raffia log-basket, 16s. 11d., John Lewis. Below the truck: Two-tone grey plastic pedal bin, £3 17s. 6d., Heal's. Tall bin with swivel lid, £1 17s. 6d., Harrods. At back, on ground by wheel: heavy ceramic pot from Denmark, in kingfisher blue, £11 5s., from Vasa



A FEW LINES FROM FLORENCE



The Italian fashion houses converge each season to show their collections in the historic Pitti Palace in Florence, where their newest lines and their unfailing brilliance with colour are displayed with a fine sense of pageantry. Unity Barnes records some of these lines, with photographs by Ronald Falloon

Above: In a flashback to medieval Florence, Naka sets mustard, black and white stripes to run the length of a bulky sweater, and break out again in the woollen stockings below taut black knee-breeches. The yard-long hood in black jersey has a tasselled end. Black shoes with solid, set-back heels by Sebastian for Chantal

Right: Glans makes a sturdy knickerbocker suit in putty coloured whipcord with big military pockets on the long, sleeveless jacket. The polo sweater and stockings are in thick navy wool; the thong-laced ankle boots in putty reversed calf





Enzo showed intricately cut, sophisticated coats and many tunics. His camel wool tunic dress, almost covering a black tweed skirt, has a collar inset with the same tweed. The far-back hat is in shiny black leather



Patrick de Barentzen offered lively variations on a black and white theme. His narrow coat in Nattier's checked wool, ringed with a black leather belt, is velvet collared, balanced by a wide black velvet hat. Black and white shoes by Dalco



Avolio's understated, countrified clothes have a quiet perfection of their own. His short stone-coloured raincoat slides over an entirely separate inner jacket in beige checked tweed, above a tweed skirt. The gingery sweater is hand-knitted



Left: The Antonelli Boutique look was long-limbed and casual. A bunch of camel jackets were shown over drainpipe trousers in gay Neapolitan-ice colours; this one, curving down at the back, has navy trousers, a navy cowl-necked jersey blouse knotted at the nape, a peaked leather cap

Below: Marucelli's Boutique collection was alive with brightly printed cotton velvet, used as shirts and jackets over many-hued trousers. A sugar-pink shirt has a formal print in violet; trousers in violet velvet







Left: Forquet starred at-home clothes in printed velvets and clear shimmering silks. His velvet trouser suit is printed in vibrant purple, red and orange, the silk blouse printed, again, in a minor key. Low-heeled velvet pumps

Above: Irene Galitzine excels at soft, very feminine, subtly dramatized clothes, with the accent this time on tunics, pyjamas, culottes. Her pale aquamarine silk pyjama-dress is sleeveless, thong-belted; the cloqué jacket is cut with enormously deep batwing sleeves tapering away to the wrists. Round-toed silk pumps by Lucarelli

on plays

Pat Wallace / Unconventional and unforgettable

In the '20s there was a fashion for brief titles (possibly started by Galsworthy's *Justice*) that conveyed a good deal of the dramatist's intention in a syllable or two. Nearer our own day there have been such admirably terse statements as Wesker's *Roots* but lately the trend is to the verbose and Mr. Peter Weiss has presumably invented the longest winded of them all with the play he calls *The Persecution and Murder of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*. Probably, as Mr. Peter Brook suggested, it will be referred to as "that play about de Sade" and in any case the title is by no means the most extraordinary thing about the production, which has been the central point of one of the most lively theatrical controversies of recent times.

And, incidentally, production is a key word in this instance because it is Mr. Peter Brook's direction which provides one of the most stimulating influences of the evening. It would be difficult to be lukewarm about this play that can

be hailed as a masterpiece, rejected as utterly repellent or accepted as a rich field for the pros and cons of argument. In no respect is it either conventional or forgettable. The form is of a play within a play and it shows a performance in the huge bath house of a lunatic asylum of a work written by one of the inmates, the Marquis de Sade, who has also rehearsed it, the institution's director being an unorthodox fellow who regards such activities as therapy for the patients.

The Marquis remains on stage throughout, elegant and for the most part imperturbable, and one of the very few to wear the knee breeches and full shirt of the period. The rest of his certifiable cast play throughout in strait-jackets, the long, taped sleeves flopping over the hands, ready at any moment to be secured behind their backs. One player, indeed, is so trussed throughout the play and hurls himself unsteadily about the stage, ranting and declaiming. The venue and the performers being what they are, the actors are often overcome by their roles and muscular attendants are

on call to seize and subdue them.

The revolutionary, Marat, is also constantly on stage in his sheeted bathtub, hopelessly attempting a water cure for a torturing skin affliction and attended by a spastically erratic maidservant. He is the focal point of the play, addressed or upbraided by the indigent, the beggars and the whores who are some of his fellow revolutionaries, and threatened by the frail figure of Charlotte Corday who is three times turned away from his lodgings by his maid before she finishes her dedicated work with the dagger. By that time the long play is near its end but the pace has not slowed and a final chant of "Marat, we're marching on!" (to the tune of the *Marseillaise*) has an impact as vital as anything in the opening scenes. At the very end the discipline of the play is forgotten and lunatic fights lunatic as they roll across the stage and the asylum director escapes with his ladies.

The violence that lies under the surface breaks through the ground in this play. It is a play of violence, often of horror, and very often of intolerable noise (another horror in itself) as the whirr and thud of the guillotine is reproduced *fortissimo* and the "victims" descend into a trap, leaving only their heads showing on the stage. Talking of which,

this must surely be the most dangerous stage in London since it is pitted with open trap doors, only occasionally covered by thick wooden gratings and serving for macabre exits as well as startling entrances.

A danger of a violent play is that one may write about it in violent terms. This, I think, would be a mistake since the very power of the play makes it important. Dialogue, as such, doesn't exist. Instead there is a series of vividly contrasted speeches and declamations, each of them making some point but none of them constituting a real exchange. The mood is of continuous tension without relief and the beating, lust, terror, deformity and detailed descriptions of torture make this inevitable. The production itself is a marvellous one of continuous but not confusing action, lit, coloured and often grouped to remind one irresistibly of a Hogarth or a Daumier. As for the acting, it is superb. Mr. Clive Revill as Marat with his single-minded passion for the revolution, Mr. Patrick Magee as de Sade, cool and cruel Miss Glenda Jackson as Charlotte Corday, frail yet steely and altogether convincing. She is a magnificent stage discovery. An extraordinary play and one that leaves the audience —almost literally— breathless.



Forced through a skin disease to remain towel-wrapped in a bath, Marat (Clive Revill, right) continues to write his inflammatory tracts while his servant Simonne (Susan Williamson, centre) replenishes the water, watched by Mary Allen, one of the asylum patients, an occasional participant in the sensational drama. A scene from *The Persecution and Murder of Marat*, reviewed here

on films

Elspeth Grant / *Beauty and the beast*

I can't honestly claim that, like M. Maurice Chevalier, "I'm glad I'm not young any more" but I can quite sincerely give thanks that I never had the sort of looks a gal needs if she's to become Miss World—or even just Miss Walton-on-the-Naze, for that matter. Mr. Val Guest's latest film, *The Beauty Jungle*, tells an eminently cautionary tale (written by him in collaboration with Mr. Robert Muller) which should make all pretty puss-cats think twice before competing for any of the "Miss" titles, and will, I feel, encourage Plain Janes to congratulate themselves on the anguish they have been spared through lack of equipment for this deleterious game. I'm congratulating myself like mad.

Mr. Ian Hendry, a newspaper reporter, and his droll attendant photographer, Mr. Ronald Fraser, pick up a pretty Bristol typist, Miss Janette Scott, at a seaside resort and persuade her to enter an end-of-the-pier beauty competition. She wins it. Thus begins a new career for her as a potential beauty queen under the management of the enterprising Mr. Hendry.

Miss Scott has her mousey hair blanded and learns to strut seductively in a bikini and shoes with six-inch heels: soon the professional pose (one foot slightly advanced, the knee bent a little to show off rounded calf and slender ankle) and the tooth-flashing professional smile are automatic to her. Mr. Hendry, who has taught her all the tricks, views his creation with pride and makes the mistake of falling in love with her. Miss Scott has no time for sentiment. She's determined to get to the very top and doesn't care how she does it.

Part of the prize for one of the competitions she wins is a weekend in Monte Carlo, where Mr. Hendry, who has adroitly swapped two single bedrooms for a double, suggests Miss Scott should sleep with him. Her cool reply—"Why not? After all, you've done so much for me!"—offends him. He may (and does) look like the kind of man who'd take her as a reward for services rendered, but he isn't. What's more, he hadn't thought she was "that kind of girl." (For all his hard-boiled, smart-alec manner, Mr. Hendry's quite a decent chap, really.)

From then on it's strictly business between them and by the time Miss Scott has become "Miss Rose of England," Mr. Hendry can without a pang cold-bloodedly auction her in sections to the admen—bust to the bra-boys, legs to the hosiery hucksters and so on. As Miss Scott prepares to compete for the coveted title of "Miss Globe," her face (now the property of a cosmetics manufacturer) hardens while her moral fibres weaken.

At Nice, where "Miss Globe" is to be chosen from among 60 lovelies of all nations, Miss Scott hopefully goes to bed with the promoter of the contest (M. Jean Claudio): surely this will ensure that she's the winner. But it doesn't. The title goes to "Miss Peru" (ravishing Miss Alizia Gur, a real one-time "Miss Israel") because, you see, *she* has a boy-friend even more influen-

tial than M. Claudio. Poor Miss Scott comes in nowhere.

Mr. Guest has been accused of letting the beauty racket off too lightly. Well, I don't know. He seems to me to have shown it up quite effectively as a sordid and degrading business. It is made quite clear that the international contest (cruelly conducted to heap maximum humiliation upon one unfortunate girl) is rigged; but I can see why he could hardly suggest that the London competition was not on the level either. I mean to say, the judges are Mr. Norman Harnell, the Duchess of Bedford, Mr. Stirling Moss, Mr. Joe Brown and Miss Linda Christian, and any reflections on their incorruptibility would doubtless be actionable.

Miss Scott gives her most emotionally developed performance to date. The sweet and simple girl-from-next-door has grown up, most pleasingly, into an unexpectedly interesting young actress.

You could not ask to meet a more delightful set of ghosts than those you'll find in *Phan-*

tom Lovers, a jolly little Roman fantasy directed by Signor Antonio Pietrangeli. They include Signor Marcello Mastroianni, an amorous 17th-century nobleman, Signor Tino Buazzelli, a rollicking monk, Signor Vittorio Gassman, a fiery 15th-century painter, and Signorina Sandra Milo, a romantic young lady who drowned herself for love ages ago.

The great house they have been happily haunting for hundreds of years is in danger of being pulled down to make room for a supermarket or some such modern monstrosity. The darling ghosts (who are welcome to come and haunt me whenever they like) take it upon themselves to scare away the Philistines and their efforts to do so are engaging enough to deserve success.

It was sad to see the late Miss Belinda Lee among the living in this merrily whimsical film. Her performance shows that we lost a lovely and talented actress when she was killed in a car crash shortly after this film's completion.



The future beauty queen (Janette Scott, centre) runs across the sands with her friends (Sylvia Steel and Gena Carroll) on her last carefree holiday, in *The Beauty Jungle*, reviewed here by Elspeth Grant

on books

Oliver Warner / A horse in both streams

It is a rare week that offers three such substantial, individual and valuable books as those written by Richard Church, Lord Citrine and Captain Gronow.

Richard Church's **The Voyage Home** (Heinemann 30s.) is a passage from the autobiography of a man of letters that covers his middle years. He has already given an account of his childhood in earlier books. Now he tells of his experiences as a Civil Servant of increasing seniority, as a young parent with extremely little money, as son, as lover, as poet and novelist, as a member of that little group centring round T. S. Eliot from which arose the *Criterion*. A moment comes when the author is faced with the agonising decision whether to cast aside the security offered by a governmental job and launch head first into the stream of letters, or whether to continue, as before, to overwork with a foot on each bank. Church plumped for letters, where he has flourished ever since. This is an intimate book, loaded not only with self-portraiture but with acutely observed notes on the people who have made their mark in current letters. It is a *composed* work, in the sense of an accomplished piece of music.

Lord Citrine's **Men and Work** (Hutchinson 40s.) has an utterly different sort of appeal, for this is the first volume of the autobiography of a man who was long at the core of the Trades Union movement, and who remains an attractive "public figure." One of the author's principal assets is that he is a skilled short-hand writer, habitually noting down records of all his more important conversations while they are fresh in his memory. The result is a series of observations on high political figures, much more vivid than would have been possible had Lord Citrine depended on distant memory. Three instances are of special interest and value. The first is a glimpse of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, which greatly adds to our knowledge of how they worked as a pair; the second is the account given by Baldwin of his talks with Edward VIII just before the Abdication crisis; the last is Neville Chamberlain's description of Hitler and his talks with him. That, as we all know, opened the vista of a bad new world.

The Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Gronow, edited by John Raymond (Bodley Head 50s.) has only this in common with the other two books—that it deals

with the eminent during a long period of time (1810-1860). Gronow was with the Guards at Waterloo, and his description of the battle is well-known, but his book as a whole—now admirably re-edited and newly produced—is crammed with gossip and anecdote by a man who sat hour by hour at his club gnawing the head of his cane, thinking of those he had known and those he might meet that day. The style is as clear as a mountain stream. Gronow was a reflector of what he saw, never cloudy with speculation, and a more readable fellow never lived.

Yet another autobiographer, Mrs. Robert Henry, expands on a year in her life in **Wednesday at Four** (Dent 25s.). Here the scale is different, for Mrs. Henry shares her experiences with her public by way of a series of books which her publisher says are always in print—no small boast these days. Her current instalment includes a garden party at Buckingham Palace, a Mediterranean trip, and visits to Moscow and Leningrad. I echo her enthusiasm for the architectural beauties of the latter city, where she saw more than most people manage under guidance.

Mata Hari, the beautiful spy, seemed rather too glamorous and sensational to ring true. Lael Tucker Wertenbaker in **The Eye of the Lion** (Heinemann 21s.) has made her life the subject of a novel. Her

exploitation by a series of men, of whom a Dutchman was villain-in-chief, makes one think that she may have deserved rather more luck in life than was actually hers, before she was shot by the French in 1917. A spy's is a hard enough role in any case. The author's purpose is to project Mata Hari largely through those who knew her, and one finishes the book understanding her better.

Briefly . . . Better Dead, by John and Emery Bonett (Michael Joseph 18s.), aptly titled, concerns the murder of a nasty little blackmailer on the Costa Brava. An intelligent plot, with convincing people . . . If you enjoy reading about sea-fights, I can recommend Geoffrey Bennett's **The Battle of Jutland** (Batsford 30s.) in the handsome British Battles series . . . As for soldiers, **Rank and File: the Common Soldier at Peace and War 1642-1914**, compiled by T. H. McGuffie (Hutchinson 35s.) shows how well old-time soldiers could write about a life, some of whose aspects would have made the most crusty tarpaulin blench. Not all the rankers are British, but they make up a lion's share . . . **The Fortress** by Catherine Gavin (Hodder and Stoughton 25s.) is a novel about the world of the Baltic at the time of the Crimean War—well researched, but not at the expense of human interest which includes a rousing love-story.



Michael Crawford, Tony Calvin and Karin Fernald in *The Striplings*, a play which aroused lively argument when it was first produced, at Farnham last autumn, and is now at the New Arts Theatre. Joan Knight directs

on records

Gerald Lascelles / A 'bone of contention

A distinctive style is always a jazzman's biggest asset, and the work of J.J. Johnson, the trombonist style-setter of the '40's and '50's, leaves one in no doubt that he was outstanding. The way he rolls off long phrases of quavers made many listeners believe he was using the usually faster valve trombone, but you must either accept my assurance that his instrument is the conventional slide-operated trombone on **Bone-'ology** (Realm) or must you go and hear him in person during his current spell at Ronnie Scott's club in Gerrard Street, W.1. I hope that even the most square among my readers will not need to be convinced that the album title is not a dog food advertisement, but an important selection of J.J.'s early solo work under his own name; some tracks have the added bait of Bud Powell's piano at its best, and others present tenorist Sonny Rollins

in his first recordings, made in 1949. All are typical of the bop era, and provide a glimpse of the strong line of musicians who were working beneath the strata of supermen dominated by Parker and Gillespie.

A different sound can be heard in **The Big Challenge** (Concert Hall Record Club), which was a superb attempt on the part of producer George Simon in New York to re-arouse in 1957 the fighting prowess of the main contestants who battled for the acclaim of the crowd in Harlem and other New York jazz spots nearly 20 years earlier. The exceptional results depend on the subtle pairing of friendly rivals on each instrument; Cootie Williams' trumpet against Rex Stewart's cornet; Hawkins against Freeman on tenor; Lawrence Brown versus J. C. Higginbotham on trombone. I regret that the wealth

of information, even to the order of choruses, contained on the original American sleeve has not been reprinted in this release, but the music is there to prove for posterity what versatile and adaptable giants these men still are.

From Ellington we had, a year or more ago, **Piano in the Background**. Now he has reversed the situation, in giving us an album of **Piano in the Foreground** (CBS). The peculiar self-effacing process which "Duke" undergoes in the studio when it comes actually to sitting down and playing the piano, has at last been overcome. We had a fair taste of it in a recent BBC television show, and the album under review provides an even closer insight into his musical personality. Because he has simultaneously influenced later jazzmen, and absorbed part of what they have in turn created, he will bring little joy to the purist who demands a clear-cut style devoid of extraneous trends and time-juggling distractions. Instead let us revel in the wealth of music "Duke" makes just for the love and

exuberance of its making, and appreciate the subtle impurities which give it the unmistakable Ellingtonian flavour.

Continuing the Ducal thoughts, his band provides the main outlet for his inspiration in **Ellington Showcase** (World Record Club), a typically interesting set of arrangements from the mid-50's, with appropriate features given to the top soloists. Despite the galaxy of talent in the band it was not one of their greatest periods, but reveals some of the thoughts which the leader was ultimately to extend much further.

Possibly the oddest album I have played in recent months is **Quincy Jones Explores the Music of Henry Mancini** (Mercury), mainly because Quincy goes out of his way to produce non-jazz sounds. Even this target is deflected when men like Roland Kirk and Zoot Sims suddenly emerge from the reed section to blow a chorus or two. The band is crisp and compact throughout, and makes the most of the material Quincy Jones has prepared for them.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Bricks with other people's straw

Take the Underground to Aldgate East, turn right out of the station and sharp right again and you will find yourself in front of what appears to be a complicated plaster model for a television lecture by Dr. Bronowski on "the alimentary tract in the technological age." But you are not in a television studio, you are in the Whitechapel Art Gallery where the **Young Commonwealth Artists Exhibition** is now running. The plaster colon is a sculpture, called *Inside the Red Space*, by Canadian Roland Piche. It stands at the beginning of the show, presumably as a warning to the visitor against the morbid interest in anatomy and butchery that pervades the work of a considerable number of exhibitors.

Something of this element is inevitable in an exhibition of this sort nowadays because of the universal influence of Francis Bacon. But though Bacon has several followers here, including Frank Bowling of British Guiana, showing a characteristic piece of carnage called *Window*, it is the influence of the young Austra-

lian Brett Whiteley, and of the Spaniard Millares, that has inspired the most violent "anatomy lessons" in the show.

These are the six tortured canvases which New Zealander Edward Bullmore calls his *Hikurangi* series. They are the Whiteley of two or three years ago in 3D, or Millares in flesh colours. Each is like the work of some demented surgeon. The canvas is slashed and torn, tied in knots, sewn up with string like a giant suture and stretched back over the picture frame like flesh held back with clips. And in each picture a fragment of realistic representation of an item of human anatomy—a hand, a breast, a head, a navel—is introduced (unnecessarily I think) as a key to open the door for reluctant imagination.

By comparison the paintings of Trevor Coleman, a South African who also shows a strong Whiteley influence, seem very tame. He uses Whiteley's method of incorporating patches of canvas and cotton fabric into his painting. In one picture, *Archaic Image*, he has

painted one of these patches in imitation of a fragment of a shirt, presumably in homage to Rauschenberg who incorporated an actual fragment of shirt in the first of his "combine paintings" that we saw in this country. So we have one artist painting a scrap of material in imitation of a scrap of real shirt used by another artist to save himself the trouble of painting an imitation scrap of a shirt!

I ought to have explained before reaching this point that the members of the Young Commonwealth Artists organisation are all living in this country and most are art students. This accounts both for the prevalence of (as yet) undigested influences and for the fact that so many of the influences are those of British artists. Besides the strong tang of Bacon there are unmistakable whiffs of Alan Davie, Roger Hilton, Frank Auerbach, David Hockney, Allen Jones and, among the sculptures, of Hubert Dalwood and Anthony Caro.

Influences are, of course, both inevitable and necessary and one does not expect to find in an exhibition of this kind the mature artist who has so absorbed his influences that they are now no more than the straw in the bricks of his own,

very personal style. What one hopes to find are artists beginning to use their influences instead of being used by them. Among several represented in this exhibition the most outstanding to my mind (or, rather, to my taste) is Mak Kum-Siew, from Singapore. He is showing two large paintings—no collage no combine, no tricks, just paint on canvas—called *Deserters II* and *The Red Room*. The first suggests he has been looking at Matta, the second suggests an aerial view of a Bacon subject as seen by Allen Jones. But both will probably be immediately recognisable in years to come as early Mak Kum-Siews.

Much more eclectic, but still distinctive, is the work of Australian Vernon Treweeke who has absorbed ideas from Peter Blake as well as from Bacon, and from Rauschenberg and several others of the American Neo-Realists. The most apposite verdict on such things as his *Figure Looking Through Window* (in which a life-sized, clothed, plaster figure is looking through a real window frame as a painted landscape) was made by a little boy who wandered into the gallery when I was there and offered the dummy a lick of his iced-lollipop. Evidently the new realism is more real than the old realism!



MOTORING

Dudley Noble / Welcome stranger

The name Jensen is not as familiar to the average motorist as those of most other car makers, because the firm that produces it thinks in terms of tens and not thousands. But sufficient motorists still want "something different" and have the means to pay three and a-half thousand pounds for the object of their choice, so Jensen Motors caters to their needs. (They do, however, make other vehicles besides cars). The formula they have adopted is to put a very large and powerful engine into a sturdy but reasonably small chassis, fit it with a lightweight glass fibre saloon body finished and equipped in ultra de luxe style, and offer their customers a package that for power and acceleration could hardly be beaten.

I always look forward to driving a Jensen and, since I tried the previous one a year or so ago, the C-V8 model has been given an even bigger engine. It is of Chrysler manufacture, and is now just over 6½ litres capacity, some six per cent more than before, and the compression ratio has been raised to 10 to 1. As you might imagine, this 330 b.h.p. power

unit can hustle the thirty-hundredweight car along at more than 130 m.p.h. As for acceleration, in 15 seconds from a standing start the car can be touching 80 m.p.h. Such a performance is thrilling for the driver, so long as he has the skill and experience to use it properly. The Jensen is fitted with Dunlop disc brakes of 11½ in. diameter, with servo assistance, at front and rear. The steering is accurate and stable, being rack and pinion without power assistance—I say this because one can lose the feel of the road when all the effort is taken out of steering, and at very high speed this can be a menace to complete control.

With the U.S. engine comes the transmission: it is Chrysler's "Torqueflite," which operates in the same manner as other automatic gear changes. When the engine is cold, great care has to be taken to keep the brakes hard on when starting off because the automatic choke gives a fast idling speed, on which the car will move quite rapidly of its own volition. (This is, of course, a feature of all automatic transmissions, and

not unique to Torqueflite).

It is unusual for a solidly comfortable four-seater car to be so exciting to drive; it hardly looks a sports model though the body certainly is long and low—4 ft. 7 ins. to the roof and 15 ft. 4½ ins. from bumper to bumper. Jensen's speciality has long been the making of bodies by a combination of glass fibre mouldings and aluminium panels for the doors. This gives effective sound insulation, also freedom from drumming and resonance, without the introduction of large quantities of padding under the bonnet and elsewhere. The interior of the saloon is on a high level of luxury, with armchair-like seats in both front and rear's lavishly upholstered in soft leather. There are only two doors, but they open widely enough to allow easy access to the rear compartment, and there is a finely adjustable reclining back to both the front seats.

The luggage boot is really roomy, and provided with a light that comes on as the lid is raised. Safety precautions are installed as standard equipment: a fire extinguisher under

The Jensen—its performance is dramatic.

Photograph: Ray Perry

the driving seat, a first-aid kit under one of the rear armrests, safety belts, crash padding and soft sun-visors. Other items fitted to all Jensens are heating and ventilation (very efficient indeed) and an excellent radio set.

The V-8 engine has its two banks of four cylinders set at an angle of 90 degrees, with valves in the heads, and a single four-barrel carburettor feeds both banks. Fuel consumption naturally varies a lot, but it would be fair to say that it might be as much as 13 m.p.g. in the hands of a very hard driver, or as little as 19-20 m.p.g. with a lightfooted one. Of course, one does not buy a car of such calibre in order to potter about, and so a daily average of around 15 m.p.g. is a fair assumption. Altogether, the Jensen CV-8 is a comfortable sports-tourer, intriguing (but not, perhaps, altogether lovely) to look at, and a real honey to drive. Inclusive of purchase tax it costs £3,490, from Jensen Motors Ltd., West Bromwich.

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Maybe the gold-weighted dresses of *Camelot* started the rush, but suddenly there's a feeling for gold—not an all-over gold make-up—not another Goldfinger project, but flecks of gold, golden eyelids, gold-dusted cheeks, gold-sparked lips. Estée Lauder began it with her Golden Diamond Powder, 36s. from most large stores. In Paris, Harriet Hubbard Ayer joined the gold rush, using a golden eye-shadow stick (11s. 6d.) for her Persian Princess make-up, applying it lavishly as eye-shadow, tipping the mascaraed lashes with it at night. Guerlain adds an alluring gold-flecked lipstick. It's called Rose Nacr  and costs 8s. 9d. Now Germaine Monteil has bought out two new gold-dusted shades of Color Blend: Night-Light Gold and Night-Light Pink (on sale 15 October, 2 gns. complete or sold separately: compact 1 gn., brush 1 gn.). To use either one, take a small amount on the brush and dust it lightly over the skin. This releases the golden lights. With this you accent the bone structure of cheek or forehead, put a golden gleam on bare shoulders, add sparkle to a low-cut neckline, play up a discoth que dress by gold-dusting backs of hands and knees. You will probably shine in the dark, but just try standing under the nearest chandelier!

GOOD
LOOKS
BY
EVELYN
FORBES

GOLD RUSH



DINING IN

In *The Practical Grocer* (of all reference books!) I read: "In spite of the fact that Frenchmen are considered in England as frog-eaters, frog legs do not compose the usual daily diet of any Frenchman, but there is no prejudice against eating them occasionally. Only the hind legs of frogs of the largest size are used . . . Their tender white flesh is very similar in taste to that of a young chicken." I remember, years and years ago, going by car to a restaurant called 'Grenouille' in a small town in the north-east of France. We ordered *grenouilles*, of course, on this occasion *à la Meunière*, probably the most popular of all ways of serving them as there is nothing to distract from their flavour. We can buy frozen frogs' legs here all year round; and sometimes unfrozen. But as the legs tend to spoil quickly it is better to buy the frozen kind.

Harrods of Knightsbridge have them at 18s. a half-pound (approximately 26 legs), an amount ample for a hot

course for four, instead of fish, and unusual enough to excite the imagination. For *GRENOUILLES A LA MEUNIERE*, after defrosting carry on at once with the cooking. Dip the legs in milk and then in flour. Get unsalted butter and vegetable oil, half-and-half, fairly hot. (I would repeat here that the oil, which can be heated to a higher temperature than butter before reaching smoking point, prevents the latter from burning, unless one is very careless).

Drop the legs into the fairly hot butter-oil mixture and fry them to a warm gold all over (8 to 10 minutes). Lift them out into a heated serving-dish and sprinkle them with salt, freshly milled pepper and a little lemon juice.

For *GRENOUILLES PROVENCAL*, cook the legs as above and keep them hot. Wipe out the frying-pan. Add 1 to 1½ oz. of butter and heat it to a golden tone. Add 1 to 2 finely chopped cloves of garlic and at once pour the mixture over the legs and serve them. Or, if you prefer the flavour of garlic without

the specks, add 1 to 2 crushed cloves and discard the garlic when it turns a creamy tone. Pour the flavoured butter over the legs. In each case, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve wedges of lemon separately.

GRENOUILLES POULETTE are very good and also extend the dish to serve more than four persons. Quickly wash ½ lb. of the smallest white-capped mushrooms, cut them in half and fry with a finely chopped shallot in a little butter. Season them lightly. In another pan, slowly fry the frogs' legs in oil and butter for up to 15 minutes, without colouring them. Lift out the mushrooms and add to the legs and keep warm.

Sprinkle a teaspoon of flour into the pan in which the mushrooms were cooked and quickly work it in. Add ½ pint of Riesling, stirring all the time, and then ½ pint of double cream. Season to taste. Turn the legs and mushrooms into this cream sauce and turn the pan this way and that to blend the flavours. Finally, add a teaspoon of chopped parsley and serve.

On the same visit to the north east of France my hostess produced turnovers of flaky pastry stuffed with a delicious

mixture of veal and pork. For 4 to 5 servings, here is the recipe: Cook 8 oz. each of veal and pork and a chopped shallot in 1 oz. of butter and a little vegetable oil for 20 to 25 minutes quite gently. Meanwhile pound together 2 anchovy fillets and a small clove of garlic cut into small pieces. Remove the meat and let them cool sufficiently to run them through the medium holes of the mincing-machine.

Add the pounded materials to a tablespoon of chopped parsley and a glass of dry white wine. Bind with a beaten egg and season with salt and freshly milled pepper.

Roll out flaky or short crust to less than ¼ inch thick. Stamp it out into 4 to 5 rounds, 5 to 5½ inches in diameter. Divide the mixture between them. Damp the inside rims, fold over and gently press together. Bake for 25 minutes at 425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7 (for flaky pastry) or 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6 (for short crust). Serve with a green salad for a pleasant light main course. If you have an aversion to anchovies with meat, omit them. One could make these with left-over roast beef or lamb and a little unsmoked bacon.

David Morton / The 36-guinea handkerchief

MAN'S WORLD

They say that hiccoughs can be cured by giving the sufferer a sudden shock. This was effectively proved to me the other night by a restaurant proprietor. Seeing—or rather, hearing—that I was reacting the wrong way to my meal, he told me that there was a nasty cigarette burn in the back of my jacket. Most of the time this would be irritating but in my case it was a major disaster, since the jacket was a new and expensive cashmere one. A sudden shock, indeed. I was relieved to find out that this had been a curative invention on his part, and most effective for the hiccoughs vanished.

I suppose one could form a cashmere-disaster scale for curing hiccoughs. A mild attack could be cured by a shock involving, say, a four guinea pullover reduced from nine in a sale, graduating to the severe, noisy and prolonged attack that would need some dreadful disaster involving a cashmere overcoat. I was a late convert to cashmere; for all I was concerned the Cashmere goat could stay up on his

mountain peak, playing hard to get. The price involved seemed to rule this luxury material out of my salary range. I was converted by colour as much as quality; seeing a sludgy green pullover at a summer sale (I had gone in to buy a handkerchief) I was told it was cashmere, reduced, as I have said, to four guineas from nine. No slouch, I, when it comes to that sort of bargain, so I paid up happily without reflecting that I could have had two pullovers from Marks & Spencers for that price. Still, they probably wouldn't have had that colour.

Now I'm a confirmed cashmere addict. It's a grossly impractical material in many ways, not at all the sort of thing to make a boilersuit out of. But it's light and warm (as any Cashmere goat will tell you), and wearing it makes a man feel like a millionaire even if he hasn't the price of a Rolls-Royce. Furthermore, the girls can't seem to stop running their hands over the material (as any Cashmere goat will tell you). All this

was producing such a state of euphoria that I dashed off and bought a cashmere jacket at John Michael. Very simple cut, three buttons, single breasted, no shoulder padding, in navy or black (I took the last natural coloured one) and only 32 guineas—peanuts to a cashmere addict.

Still, it's an addiction that has to be cured, as my bank manager was telling me only this morning. A visit to Jaegers in Regent Street sets one back months, since they have a strategically placed man's cashmere shop in the main hall. Very desirable polo-necked sweaters, they have. John Michael shops are probably the worst of the lot to anyone embarking on a cure—their single-breasted overcoat, of knee length with a half-cuffed sleeve, is 48 guineas (reasonable, when you think of the price of their jackets—but I must stop thinking like that). And they have something special in the way of dressing-gowns too, made of red or white cashmere that's specially woven for them. The worst addiction of all, equivalent to mainlining heroin, comes with John Michael's double-breasted reefer jacket, which is made of

a vicuna and cashmere mixture; this costs about 60 guineas, made to order, but for that you also get some very smart fouled-anchor buttons. It doesn't help me either, to hear that Harrods are selling overcoats made from something called Minkash—say it slowly and you get two very expensive syllables. This cloth is threequarters cashmere and one-quarter, as one might expect, mink. Coats made up in it and lined with scarf-patterned silk cost a cool 100 guineas. Or, to be fair, a light, warm 100 guineas.

Oh yes, no doubt of it, I made a terrible mistake going in to buy that handkerchief, 36 guineas gone already, and now they're tempting me with 100 guinea coats. I've got to get my mind off cashmere. So who do I bump into coming out of John Michael's? Michael Ingram, the man behind the John Michael shops. "You must see these new coats," he says, "brown or black suede, but they're lined with fur—mink, ocelot, red fox, pony. Cost between 100 and 150 guineas."

Just the thing to cure my cashmere addiction. Or perhaps they have cashmere pocket linings?

Albert Adair / Prince of porcelains

ANTIQUES

The summer recess of the London auction rooms seems an appropriate time to dwell on items that have found most favour with connoisseurs, collectors and lovers of antiques. It appears there has been no slackening in the demand for the works of art of past generations, and the collector who acquires a desired piece is fortunate, as competition is keen at auctions.

During the last year I have noticed that porcelain has caused much interest, and some glorious English and Continental pieces have been on view, including Chelsea, Bow, Meissen and Sèvres, and as a result I was tempted to go in search of pieces from the Sèvres Porcelain Factory.

The story of Sèvres begins in the middle of the 18th century, in a disused part of the Château Vincennes, where some workmen who supposed they had learned how to make porcelain tried in vain to accomplish the difficult process. They were dismissed and in 1745, under new control, other men were brought together who did solve the problem. Their success led to the forming of a company under the patronage of Louis XV, with permission to use the royal monogram (two interlaced L's) as a trademark. In later years to this mark were added the letters A denoting 1753, B for 1754, etc. with double letters from 1778-1793. In 1753 it was decided to move to the village of Sèvres, but the move was not engineered till 1756. Then the factory went from strength to strength and received increased patronage from the King till, in 1759, he acquired a controlling interest and owned the company.

At the mention of Sèvres most people think of a superb vase with intricately painted panels and either a *gros-bleu*, *bleu turquoise*, *rose pompadour* or *verte-pomme* coloured ground. Of course, there are superb examples of the "Manufacture Royale de Porcelaine de France" in the Victoria & Albert Museum and in the Wallace Collection, but a visit to the Antique Porcelain Company's showrooms in Bond Street is

a real experience, for here is assembled a comprehensive collection of Sèvres and I am greatly indebted to them for the photographs reproduced on this page.

Many contemporary painters and sculptors added their particular stamp to the porcelain and together with the fine vases were modelled dinner, coffee and elegant tea services and many other domestic items such as the fine pair of wall lights or *bras de cheminée* that belonged to Madame de Pompadour. Of the four known examples, this pair is the most important and the only one decorated with the rare rose-pompadour colour. Made around 1760-65 they have three branches which are finely scrolled and decorated in rose-pompadour, green, dark blue, white and gilt. Each branch terminates in a bronze *doré* candle holder. The pair in the Victoria & Albert Museum is illustrated in *Porcelaine de Sèvres* by Pierre Verlet who makes particular reference to the pair described above: "*Mme de Pompadour possédait dans son hôtel de Paris, qui est aujourd'hui le palais de l'Elysée, une paire de bras à trois branches de porcelain de France, couleur de rose, verd et blue lapis, les bobèches en bronze doré, prises 200.*"

The pair of soft paste Sceaux à Verre Crenelées of 1767 are typically decorated in apple green with reserves of rich, brilliant multicolour bouquets of flowers on a white ground. The reserves are edged with gilding, forming delicate flowers and leaves and the scrolled handles and the rim are also gilded, and mounted on finest Louis XV ormolu. These *verrières* are marked with interlaced L's in underglaze blue and have the date letter O for 1767 and in addition the painter's mark L for Levé.

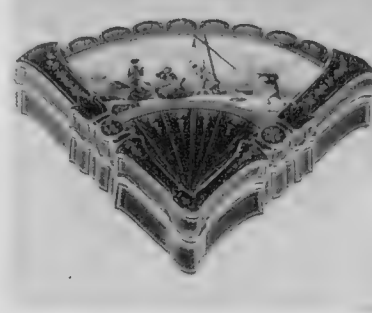
The Sèvres box made in 1782, date letters EE was once in the private collection of the Archduke François-Joseph. In the shape of an open fan, it is decorated in Bleu de Roi with over-gilding and on the lid is a curved painting of a harbour scene in which the initials of the painter Le Guay can be seen on the crate in the lower

left-hand corner and of Morin on the sack being carried by the man on the right. The interior of the box is lined with silk and velvet and is fitted with the original finely worked gold necessities for sewing.

The Breast Bowl of Queen Marie-Antoinette bears her crown cipher on the interior of the bowl. This unique bowl is in soft paste of the Manufacture de Sèvres and was designed by Lagrenée for Queen Marie-Antoinette's dairy, first for Rambouillet and then for Trianon at Versailles and is described in the Register of the Manufacture de Sèvres in 1787 as: "A pedestal of three goat heads in coloured sculpture,

grey background, Etruscan ornamentation, carrying a woman's breast in natural colour." This bowl which is 5 ins. in height with the pedestal was part of the collection of Princess Mathilde Bonaparte.

The products of the Sèvres factory require extremely careful study if the would-be collector is not to be confused by the spurious pieces that exist. It is accepted by experts that it is extremely difficult to distinguish correctly some imitations. It is good to think that despite its many early problems this factory produces porcelain in the old tradition even today.



Top: a pair of soft paste Sceaux à Verre Crenelées.

Centre, left: the breast bowl of Marie-Antoinette. Centre, right: a pair of wall lights that belonged to Mme. de Pompadour. Left: a Sèvres box made in 1782

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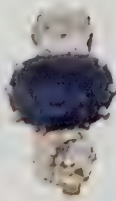
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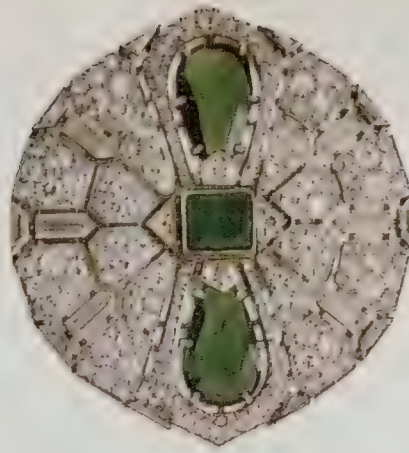
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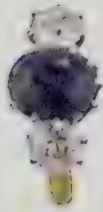
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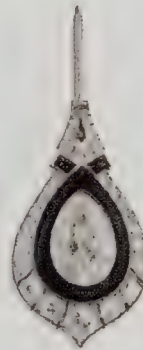
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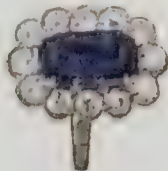
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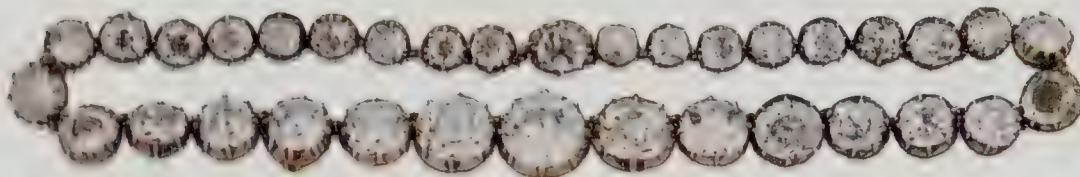
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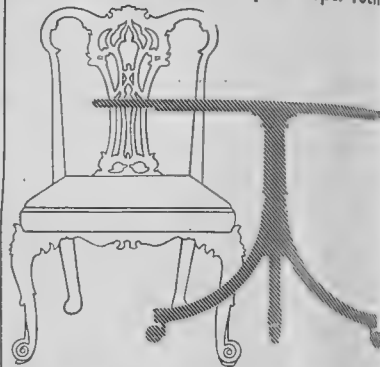
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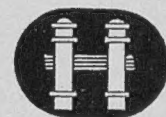
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